



YOU who capture hearts in plenty.
Golden-haired and gay.
You will get some of my twenty
Valentines to-day.
Each one with its message tender
Owing absolute surrender
Of the true heart of the sender:
Such is Cupid's way.

You will find my own confession
In among the rest.
It is every man's impression
That you love him best.
So, like nine or nineteen others
Of my sentimental brothers,
I am one who vainly smolders
Love within his breast.

But I know you, little first you!
None! Indeed, I've none!
That's the very vice of virtue
Frozen by your love.
Every line of love you'll parry.
Of these twenty men who tarry.
Then, at last, go off and marry
Number twenty-one!
—Felix Carmen, in Life.



CLIVS CESAR
PODD was a clerk in a retail dry goods store. It is difficult to imagine that an individual bearing so big a name should be de-
creed by fate to wear it in the common-
place atmosphere of a mercantile life,
but thus it was.

To behold Mr. Podd on a Sunday afternoon, or on some evening, after the multitudinous affairs of business had ceased until the morrow, one would almost have been led to believe that the baptismal name was scarcely adequate to the man, for when Mr. Podd had cast aside the enervating shackles of dependent circumstances and stood forth in the full freedom of a small-salaried clerk of duty, he might readily have been mistaken for a railroad magnate, or a bank official with an evident inclination toward some country where extradition laws were not so strict.

At such periods it required an exceedingly imaginative brain to grasp the thought that the individual who whirled past in the newest, and most stylish of rigs—to the utter annihilation of his week's salary—or who occupied one of a reserved pair of orchestral chairs, front, was but the same person who smilingly tore down one side of a dry goods establishment to enable some undecided female to select a spool of thread, or who reworded yards upon yards of Hamburgs and other decorative goods which similar consistent creatures had examined with a thoroughness known only to the feminine mind.

Mr. Podd cherished intentions, which, if rightly matured, as they certainly would be in the course of human events, would give to his existence that color of rose which the poets affirm constitutes earthly felicity.

Mr. Podd's intentions were of a matrimonial nature.

He loved.

In this case the sentiment was a species of mild insanity that often attacks young men of a marriageable age and an unmarriageable salary, and Mr. Podd exhibited many of the symptoms in an aggravated form.

He took in two or three extra squares each day in walking to and from his place of business that he might pass the abode which sheltered the idol of his soul, and, perchance, be rewarded by a smile, or bow of recognition from the fair occupant.

The fair being who thus agitated the placidity of Mr. Podd's existence was a Miss Melinda Smythe—her father spelled it Smith in bygone days.

This maiden dwelt with her mother, whose small income was obtained by working early and late at dressmaking.

Miss Melinda led a life of the field existence, and while her mother drudged, and cooked, and sewed in the little back room, her daughter received in the front apartment, or went out to concerts and theaters, from which she brought back lyrical souvenirs to be distributed, with the aid of a cheap rented piano, to the neighborhood at frequent intervals.

From the department of Miss Melinda in public, one was led to regret that a life of fashionable dissipation had brought annul to so young a creature, and when she referred to "our residence," it was in a tone that at once suggested a brown-stone front, plate glass, and an extensive retinue.

In Mr. Podd's eyes, her bearing was simply regal, and he rejoiced in the distinctive atmosphere of her presence, unmindful of any doubts of her genuineness.

Miss Melinda had gained her knowledge of aristocratic deportment from theatrical boards and the pages of the romantic school of literature, the delighted in devouring in prodigious quantities, but as Mr. Podd's ideas had been generated by the same equivocal source, he detected none of the flaws patent to a more acute or less interested person.

Mr. Podd's lodgings comprised the most economical part of his existence, being in an obscure street, in a building that wore the look of abject-gentle poverty. Considering the dispiriting surrounding, it is little marvel that Mr. Podd frequently sought the charming companionship of Miss Melinda Smythe, or entertained, in secret, visions of a line-embowered cottage, with this distasteful as its presiding deity, for if there be any excuse for a rash plunge into the tumultuous sea of matrimony it is that the unfortunate victim leaps from the positive infelicity of the typical obscure boarding house into the blissful unknown.

In collecting his arrears and more indulgent in many of the minor workings of the establishment, including choice morsels at the table and a thoughtful supervision of his wardrobe and room.

Owing to these several advantages he lingered on, yet refused to allow his perverted heart to be softened by the blandishments of the daughter more than was essential to his own comfort and convenience as a privileged boarder.

When he wished an extension of credit or to secure some special favor Mr. Podd was wont to escort his landlady's daughter, in whose fashionable nature had neglected to include any comeliness, to some place of worship or to an entertainment where the price of admission was most moderate, suffering untold anxiety the while lest the odious Tom Jones should be basking in the sunlight of Miss Melinda's presence during this voluntary exile on his part.

Mr. Podd's finances were slowly recovering from the severe drain to which they had been subjected during the Christmas. February he was walking leisurely from business towards his lodgings, calculating a method by which he might be able to pay some bills, long since due, yet retain a sufficient surplus to treat the fair Melinda to a sleigh ride, recklessly promised at a time when the weather gave strong and almost certain indications of verging into balmy spring, while, with a perversity known in no other thing save women, it now gave as positive evidence of a speedy fall of snow.

As he passed down the street his attention was drawn to a crowd gathered before a stationer's window, and prominent among them was the ever obnoxious Tom Jones, who, with the others, was absorbed in the contemplation of a display of valentines.

At once the green-eyed monster suggested the idea that this expiring rival was even then engaged in selecting one of those dainty missives by means of which he might convey to the object of their common admiration an



"BEGONE, YOU VILLAIN!"

accurate state of his feelings, and Mr. Podd at once decided on adopting similar measures in an avowal of the passion that alike consumed his soul and salary.

Now, it would seem that from a well-stocked assortment of valentines, one might readily make a selection, but Mr. Podd found a difficult task.

Many of these dainty missives appeared in an avowal of the passion, the critical taste of this customer; others were of too obscure a nature to portray the proper intensity of emotion that stirred the profound depths of Mr. Podd's soul.

Finally he chose one, in which arrow-pierced hearts and very fat cupid—who were evidently in the same plight as Flora McFlimsey—together with congenial doves, clasped hands, motes of truth, fidelity, constancy and devotion, with other symbols representing a harmonious state of affairs generally, were scattered prodigally over gilded paper in filigree design.

Added to this was an amatory sonnet, wherein dove, love, bliss, kiss, etc., were worked up in several lines of the choicest machine poetry, while the finale was a suggestive sketch of a devoted couple before an altar, and officiating clergyman, with another fat cupid in the background, wearing a highly-contented expression and—nothing else.

As Mr. Podd turned to go his eyes fell on a pile of comic valentines which lay near.

Some one has said the destiny of a nation turns frequently upon a small pivot. That of an individual is often as delicately poised.

This careless glance proved the turning point which overthrew fortune, and enthroned her unwelcome kinsman in the near future of Mr. Podd's existence.

The topmost valentine portrayed a spindly-looking female, seated at an antiquated piano which she was belaboring in a blood-curdling way in accompaniment to some operatic gem, supposed to be issuing from her very extensive mouth. An unhappy fellow, with arched back, distended eyes and enlarged caudal appendage, lifted up her agonized wail from an adjacent fence. Below this sketch was a verse, in which comparison between the two singers was much in favor of the cat.

An evil thought, perhaps, born of a recent request for arrears for board, entered the mind of Mr. Podd to bestow this souvenir of St. Valentine on the landlady's daughter, who also thrummed the piano, and acting on the sudden impulse he bought the missive.

When at his lodgings he directed both valentines, feeling secure on the one hand that his landlady's daughter was not familiar with his penmanship, and writing on the sentimental one the initials, J. C. P., that Miss Melinda might not mistake the sender.

On St. Valentine's day, Mr. Podd arose somewhat later than usual, and hurriedly went down to breakfast, forgetting the two missives lying upon the table in his room.

Mr. Podd's first thing to do was to wrap up the first things to attract her attention.

As they had not been sealed, it was but a few seconds until she was mirthfully regarding the rival musclemen of the one, and feasting her eyes upon the prodigious collection of love tokens contained in the other.

She had scarcely time, on hearing approaching footsteps, to return the valentines to the wrappers, unconsciously changing them in her haste, and take up her broom with as innocent an expression as the occasion demanded, when Mr. Podd hurriedly entered, picked up the envelopes, sealed them, and thrust them into his pocket, totally ignorant of the exchange which had been made.

That evening after business Mr. Podd sought the nearest tinsorial artist, under whose special care he placed himself for the next half hour, then he vented his happy way to the abode of his son's ideal.

Imagine the consternation of the hapless Mr. Podd, who, on presenting himself to the fair Miss Melinda, secure in the expectation of a cordial greeting—nay, perhaps a tender one—found himself met with chilling scorn, while that young lady dramatically waved him hence.

"Begone, you villain," she wrathfully exclaimed, in true stage parlance, and with another tragic wave of her hand.

"Why, Miss Melinda," began the astounded Mr. Podd.

"Don't 'Miss Melinda' me, you base hypocrite, you," screamed the young lady, allowing her temper to overcome her predilection for heroics.

"Great Jupiter! My dear Miss Melinda," stammered the unfortunate Mr. Podd.

"Go!" cried Miss Melinda, in still shriller tones. "Must I have you ejected from this apartment? Mar!" she added, opening the door leading into the back room, "here is this contemptible puppy, Podd."

"Has he come back here again?" and the irate mother appeared upon the scene. "Maybe he come to see if your

cat still out-squall you," she said in harsh and sarcastic tones, as she confronted the bewildered victim of their joint accusations.

"Or to have my voice remind him of a file on a cross-cut saw," rejoined the daughter with a little hysterical sob. "O, mar! drive him away. I can't bear the sight of him."

"My child! don't let such a miserable creature disturb you," said the mother, soothingly; then, pointing to the outer door, said:

"Get right out of here, an' don't put your foot nigh this house ag'in. If I was a man I'd learn you how to insult un-protected ladies," she added, as a parting injunction when Mr. Podd, with his hand pressed to his head in a dazed sort of way, turned and fled into the darkness.

An hour or two afterward, as he stole dejectedly into his lodgings he met at the door his landlady's daughter, who had his sentimental valentine in her hand, and beamed upon him a happy smile.

"Oh, Mr. Podd!" she tenderly exclaimed, "how can I ever thank you for this too awfully lovely valentine? I've been watchin' for you ever since supper. Do come into the parlor, where there is a nice warm fire an' things look cozy."

Poor Mr. Podd! He muttered something about being consumed by a raging headache, and declining all proffered remedies he went hastily to his room, where, locking himself securely within, he gave up fully to the anguish of the hour.

It is a cause for little wonder, therefore, that any allusion to St. Valentine's day in any cause should be regarded to settle on his once susceptible heart and a chill to pervade his sensitive being.—Detroit Free Press.

Valentine's Day.
The youth now sits with wrinkled brow
Nor stirs the liveliest day;
Except to throw away and write,
And write and throw away.

This is a time that tries his soul
With agony extreme
He seeks to make a valentine
That's worthy of its theme.

A Real Practical Girl.
Young Tutter—I came near sending you a valentine yesterday, Miss Clara, and then I thought you were too practical a girl to care for such a thing.

Miss Pinkerly—You are entirely right, Mr. Tutter. For instance, I would much rather go to the theater.—Truth.

One Kind of Valentine.
Of all the valentines that came,
Not one liked her a bit;
They all were worse than the same,
And ended: "Please remit."

Harvest Time.
Come all ye soap-and-point,
You can reap a harvest fine
By writing silly verses
For the comic valentine.

Cupid's Cunning and Catastrophe.
Cupid may be blind sometimes, but it takes him about two-tenths of a second to see through the anonymous part of a valentine.—Washington Star.

The man who lacks the courage necessary to inspire an anonymous letter now gathers his forces and sends a comic valentine.—Washington Star.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Ah, half de wurl lives by pullin' de othah half's tails," sighed Uncle Kiah, as he softly reached for the midnight hen.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Tough—I want a dozen eggs an' I want 'em bad, see?" Go to that grocer across the street. Everything he keeps is bad.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Better Unsaid.—Young Lady (after sitting for her portrait)—"Don't you think I am flattered in the picture?" Get it (grudgingly)—"Franklin, who would not flatter you?"—Humorist's Blatter.

"Breaking In.—"There's more'n one way to get into good society," muttered the midnight marauder, softly raising the pantry window of a Prairie avenue mansion and crawling inside.—Chicago Tribune.

"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the mother, "for I feel, because he is such a dear little lamb." "I'd call him William Dean," said the friend; "he howls so much."—Advance.

"Mrs. Enpee—I can't understand how a man can love a woman who has a physical deformity; can you?" Enpee—"O, I don't know; I shouldn't think less of a woman who was tongue-tied."—P. & S. Co's Bulletin.

"The thing that Higgins lacks is sincerity," remarked the self-appointed critic of mankind. "What makes you say that?" "He made a resolution to quit swearing and bought a fountain pen on the same day."—Washington Star.

"Preacher.—"Every man must some day settle his account with his Maker." Talley—"I wish you could impress Mr. Palmer with that idea. He hasn't settled with me in about two years."—Harlem Life.

"It is wonderful what progress has been made in the way of machinery," remarked Mr. Figg. "I see that there has been a machine invented that can make a complete pair of shoes in sixteen minutes. Why, that even faster than Tommy can wear them out."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Misses (finding visitor in kitchen)—"Who is this, Mary?" Mary (confused)—"My brother, m'm." Mistress (suspiciously)—"You're not much alike." Mary (stammering apologetically)—"We were, m'm, but he's just had his beard shaved off and that makes him look quite different, m'm."

"Tit-bits.

"Lady (to her husband)—"I am growing so fat that I am beginning to feel quite alarmed about it. I have just discovered that I weigh 240 pounds."

"Two hundred and forty pounds! And where did you get weighed?" "On the butcher's scales."

"O, then, calm yourself! You weigh exactly half!"—Le Figaro.

"Sir George—'Look here, John! My lady complains that when you see her in the street you never salute her. What do you mean by it?' John—'Beggin' your pardon, Sir George, but in a book on etiquette which I possess, it is set down that the lady ought to bow first.'—Household Words.

Notes from the Diary of a Lady.—First day—On the high seas; stormy weather; disagreeable company. Second day—Captain very amiable; made a declaration of love and offered me his heart and hand; rejected. Third day—Captain returned to the charge, threatens to kill me, commit suicide, and blow up the whole vessel with three hundred persons; rejected. Fourth day—Saved the lives of three hundred persons.—Tit-bits.

SELLS SLAVE GIRLS.
How the Korean Queen Sustains Her Royal

There are slave girls innumerable around the royal palaces of the hermit kingdom of Korea. It is difficult to find out how many there are. One official would say hundreds, another says thousands, and the king, who has an opportunity to learn the facts in the case, says there are about fifteen hundred.

It is equally difficult to learn where they come from. Their appearance shows that they are not from any one stock. Some are Koreans and some are Tongkals, from Gung-Shang-do, in the south of the kingdom; some show Japanese blood, others Chinese, and still others Manchurian. They are of all sorts and types. All speak Korean, and nearly all have a smattering of Chinese. They are all well brought up and quiet, polite and industrious. They begin their career as domestic servants, and when they are old and are seldom found in the royal establishment after they are twenty-five years old, a few, who are unusually good-looking, become royal concubines, and a large number are taken for the same purpose by the princes and lords of the realm, and it is said, for a very large price.

The highest bidder and the proceeds paid into the royal treasury.

The latest available blue book of Korea—in summarizing the royal income, includes these entries:

"Nineteen thousand nine hundred and seventeen stone of best rice.

"Forty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-four stone of beans.

"One hundred and seventy-two thousand seven hundred and thirteen nyang in money.

"Twenty-four thousand nyang from sale of slave girls."

A nyang is a string of one hundred copper coins, whose value in American money ranges from five hundred to one thousand to the dollar. The market value of a girl in Corea varies from ten dollars to forty dollars. Upon these figures the monarch must raise and sell in the public market every year from thirty to four hundred young women.

The general average would be about two hundred per year. The custom is not so bad as it seems at first sight. The majority are purchased by men for their wives, and a small minority for immoral purposes.

This trade in human beings is considered perfectly legitimate, and has come down from time immemorial. It is the highest bidder and the proceeds paid into the royal treasury.

The latest available blue book of Korea—in summarizing the royal income, includes these entries:

"Nineteen thousand nine hundred and seventeen stone of best rice.

THE PISO COMPANY.

The above is the style of the firm which manufactures Piso's Cure for Consumption and Piso's Remedy for Catarrh, at Warren, Pa. The company was recently incorporated, succeeding E. T. Hamilton, under whose name the business has been conducted for many years. In fact the business was established in 1864, when \$25 was paid for the first barrel of sugar bought, which was 33 cents a pound; other things were proportionately much of the Piso Cure is now sold for 25 cents as then for \$1.00.

While the firm has been a very persistent advertiser in newspapers, its aggregate output annually has been comparatively small, so that the steady and rapid increase in sales to their present large proportions certainly indicates that Piso's Cure for Consumption possesses high merit as a remedy for coughs, colds and throat and lung troubles generally. The pleasant taste of the cure has doubtless contributed materially to its popularity.

Growth in business has necessitated the invention of numerous labor-saving machines. Suitable among these are apparatuses for washing, filling, corking and sealing bottles with which three men easily turn out 200 bottles an hour. In the advertising department improved machines in the bakery finish 10,000 Pocket Book Almanacs in a day with only twenty operators. Another labor saver is the box machine on which one man puts together a thousand cartons daily which are filled with a dozen Piso's Cure for Consumption by another man in the same space of time.

The Piso Company employs steady employment to a small army of workers, of both sexes, and its uniform liberal treatment of employees is a topic which favors comment among the citizens of Warren. Altogether the prosperity of the company appears to be peculiarly deserved.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1893.

CATTLE—Native Steers... \$4.00 @ 4.25
COTTON—Middling... 27 1/2 @ 28 1/2
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
WHEAT—No. 3 Red... 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
OATS—No. 2... 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
PORK—New Mess... 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Middling... 27 1/2 @ 28 1/2
BEEVES—Fair Steers... 5.00 @ 5.50
HOGS—Fair to Select... 3.50 @ 4.00
SHEEP—Fair to Choice... 2.75 @ 3.00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
WHEAT—No. 3 Red... 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
OATS—No. 2... 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
PORK—New Mess... 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers... 3.75 @ 4.00
HOGS—Fair to Choice... 3.00 @ 3.25
SHEEP—Fair to Choice... 2.50 @ 2.75
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
WHEAT—No. 3 Red... 1 1/4 @ 1 1/2
OATS—No. 2... 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
PORK—New Mess... 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2

NEW ORLEANS.

FLOUR—High Grade... 2.50 @ 2.75
CORN—No. 2... 1.00 @ 1.25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 1.50 @ 1.75
WHEAT—No. 3 Red... 1.25 @ 1.50
OATS—No. 2... 1.00 @ 1.25
PORK—New Mess... 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
COTTON—Middling... 27 1/2 @ 28 1/2

ON THE ROAD.

So many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? Because beauty of form and face radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise coupled with the judicious use of "The Prescription."

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbance, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, "The Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures intestinal inflammation of the lining membranes, falling of the womb, ulceration, irregularities and kindred maladies.

"FALLING OF WOMB."

MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL, of 212 Madison St., Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "I deem it my duty to express my deep, heart-felt gratitude to you for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health, for I have been by spells unable to walk. My troubles were of the womb—inflammatory and bearing-down sensations and the doctors all said, they could not cure me."

Twelve bottles of Dr. MRS. CAMPBELL. Pierce's wonderful Favorite Prescription has cured me.

Dr. MRS. CAMPBELL.

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Dr. MRS. CAMPBELL.

Speaking from her Experience,

After years of practical use and a trial of many brands of baking powder (some of which she recommended before becoming acquainted with the great qualities of the Royal), Marion Harland finds the Royal Baking Powder to be greatly superior to all similar preparations, and states that she uses it exclusively, and deems it an act of justice and a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American Housewives.

The testimony of this gifted authority upon Household Economy coincides with that of millions of housekeepers, many of whom speak from knowledge obtained from a continuous use of Royal Baking Powder for a third of a century.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Wire (severely).—"I'd have you know, sir, that I always keep my temper." Husband (soothingly).—"Of course you do, my dear. Of course you do, and I wish to goodness you'd get rid of it."—Detroit Free Press.

"I'm a little worried about my wife, and would like to have you run up and see her." Doctor—"What are her symptoms?" "She allowed me to leave the house without asking for money."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHO WINS THE \$300? A novel way to obtain a suitable name for their great, yet wonderful new oats, has been adopted by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. They offer \$300 for a name for their new oats; their catalogue tells all about it. Farmers are enthusiastic about the oat, claiming 200 bushels can be grown per acre right along. They will want it.

Farmers report six tons of hay from Salzer's Meadow Mixtures; 112 bushels corn per acre in a dry season, and 1,161 bushels potatoes from two acres.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT WITH THE POSTAGE TO THE JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROIX, WIS., YOU GET FREE THEIR MAMMOTH CATALOGUE AND A PACKAGE OF ABOVE \$300 PRIZE OATS. [K]

At the Money Changer's.—Lieutenant—"What you demand 15 percent interest for three months?" "Don't you wish to own the fact?" Banker—"I charge money; color never!"—Memorial d'Amiens.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional cure. It is not a local ailment, but a disease of the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, and it is therefore necessary to destroy the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and absorbing nature's divine work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

Out in the Cold.

Political candidates may be unexpectedly laid in the cold when the returns come in, but people who elect to use Hestor's Stomach Bitters for dyspepsia, liver, kidney or bladder inactivity, constipation, malarial complaints or nervousness, are never laid in the cold or elsewhere. Well may physicians lend their unqualified sanction to this time-honored and unfailing medicine.

Suffer—"I have come to ask for your daughter, sir." Father—"Take her, young man. She is the only one who wanted more than my daughter's hand."—St. Louis Post.

"Woman," said the sentimental boarder, who is unmarried, of course, "woman is the sweetest fruit of civilization." "Yes," answered the cheerful idiot, "she does make a great jam at the bargain counter."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Actons, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hall's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Tonic Cures in one minute.

THREE policemen stood around the fallen man. "I think we ought to get an ambulance for him," said one. "All right," said another. "Let's club together." And it was done.—Harlem Life.

A. N. K. B. 1538.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

If you have Rheumatism Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been killing ever since.

"SHE KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT"

AND NEVER USES ANY BUT

CLAIRETTE SOAP

BECAUSE IT'S THE BEST, PUREST & MOST ECONOMICAL.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

MADE BY THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

"We think Piso's CURE for CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs."—JENNIE PINKARD, Springfield, Ill., October 1, 1892.

...CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. TASTED GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.